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ESTHETICS IN COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

BY GEORGE F. COMFORT, A.M.,

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[CONTINUED.]

We will first look at the subject from a purely philosophical standpoint. Man is a twofold being. He is *body and spirit*. * Each of these parts of his double nature is governed by its own laws, is capable of its own peculiar development, and has its own range of activity. Leaving aside, then, the physical part of man, and passing by the classification of the faculties of the spirit; all of which are called into activity in different

* The common expression that man has a threefold nature—moral, physical, and intellectual—is based upon too crude an examination of the attributes of humanity to require a lengthy criticism.

degrees in every study, we may consider the ranges of spiritual activity from three standpoints; or they may be measured, so to speak, like a cube by its three co-ordinates, *x, y, and z*, that is, with reference to their subject-matter, their method, or their quality.

The three great classes of subject-matter are *theology*, or a knowledge of deity; *anthropology*, or a knowledge of humanity; and *cosmology*, or a knowledge of the material universe.

The three great methods are the *theoretical*, the *historical*, and the *practical*.

The third plan of classification considers the three great qualities that pervade every being, created or uncreated, in the universe—the *good*, the *true*, and the *beautiful*.

Each of these three grand plans of classification are exhaustive. Either must be considered with reference to the other two. And in each the parts so overlap and intertwine, that an accurate and absolute drawing of dividing lines is impossible. The last one is the most available and the most natural as a basis for classifying the studies in a system of education.

In our present system the first two elements, the good and the true, are strongly though not symmetrically represented. The *good* is developed in the instruction in moral science that is given in all of our academies and colleges, in the theological seminaries, by the religious press, by the pulpit, the Sabbath-school, and other ecclesiastical institutions.

The *true*, meaning thereby, of course, the foundation of all knowledge, or of science taken in its broadest sense, is brought forward in the instruction in the sciences that is given in our schools, primary, academic, collegiate, and technical or professional; in the cabinets and museums of our schools and cities; in the scientific journals and books of the day; and in the scientific associations that exist in many of our leading cities.

But what provision is made in our existing system of education in America to open the soul to that third world within and with-

out us—to the world of beauty? What opportunity do our colleges afford to enable their students to develop those noble aspirations for the beautiful, innate in every human breast; to give form to plans or projections of works of art that may dimly float in their minds; to enable them to pass an intelligent criticism upon a work of art or, indeed, to have one for themselves, in the thousands of cases where they will be called upon to decide upon works of art, whether they are qualified to do so or not? In most of our colleges none at all; in a few, the principles of criticism are slightly taught; in fewer still is practical instruction given; and in none whatever have the history of the fine arts and their relation to the general history of civilization been taught. This is a radical fault, not only in our collegiate but in our primary and academic schools, that the esthetic element is so completely ignored in instruction.

Having thus established that in an ideal system of education the moral, the scientific, and the esthetic should have equal prominence, we will proceed to consider briefly the objects of esthetic culture, and how far they can be accomplished in the college course of study.

One of the most important objects to be secured is the development of native artists. America, this giant among nations, with a territory larger and richer than that of all Europe; with a population boasting loudly their superiority in genius and enterprise over the inhabitants of any other land; America, whose common schools are the best in the world; which publishes more newspapers, sustains more missionaries, has built more railroads and telegraphs than any other nation; whose appliances and inventions for saving labor, as printing presses, mowing, reaping, and sewing machines, are penetrating every civilized land; whose mammoth cannon and invulnerable ships of war are the wonder and the fear of the world; America, where for two hundred and fifty years, planted by the most enterprising sons of the old world, there has been growing up a system of government, of social order, and of Christian civilization, which we proudly and continually boast is the best the world has ever seen, has not a single school where a painter, sculptor, architect, or musician can be educated. While Germany, with one-twelfth of our territory, with a poor soil, with a population impoverished and groaning under the devastations of the thirty years', the seven years', and the Napoleonic wars, and weakened by the constant drain upon the vital forces of the country to be ready for future contests, has eleven academies of the fine arts in general, four conservatories of music, and eight academies of architecture. Nearly all of the twenty-two universities of Germany has professors of esthetics and history of the fine arts, over thirty courses of lectures being given annually in these branches in the single University of Berlin. In nearly all of the more than five hundred gymnasiums and technical schools of that country drawing is taught systematically.

For anything above the merest rudiments and fragmentary instruction in any branch of the fine arts, our students must go to Europe. By a strange inconsistency, our American travelers, Christian and unchristian, ministers, lawyers, and merchants, will walk, lost in wonder and admiration, among the ruins of the monuments of Thebes,

Athens, Rome, and the Alhambra; will stand in awe before the Cathedrals of Milan, Strasbourg or Rouen, the Notre-Dame, the Westminster or Melrose Abbey; will ramble with delight through the galleries of the Vatican, of the Louvre, of Florence, Berlin, Munich or London; will listen enchanted to the music of voice and instrument in Germany and Italy; but when they return to America, where commerce is worshipped, where business has her temples, and every man brings his sacrifice to the altar of wealth, they will lift neither hand nor voice to aid a similar development of art in their own land. If they see a young man studying to be a professional artist—a musician, painter, or sculptor—they will either remonstrate with him, or will in their hearts pity him for being such a fool as to throw away his time and talents upon such a trivial occupation; "much better be a lawyer, merchant, engineer, chemist, manufacturer, or shoemaker!"

But we might as well get Germans and Italians to write our hymns as to make our tunes and build our churches; to write our patriotic songs as to make our patriotic statues: If we wish ever to have an art expressive of our own national, social, or religious life, it will only be found to be possible by growing on our own soil, and by being cultivated by our own hands.

But it will be said, and with truth, "Few, if any, of our students in college will become artists," and "why then should they study art?"

How many of those who study astronomy, chemistry, or international law become astronomers, chemists, or ambassadors to foreign courts? Shall none study Latin, Greek, geometry, or geology but those who will be professors of these sciences? Shall none but doctors understand physiology; none but lawyers and merchants, the principles and forms of business; none but preachers, the principles of morality; and none but artists, the laws of taste?

On the contrary, for a community to be thrifty, the principles of social and political economy must be understood and practiced by that community; to be healthy they must know and obey the laws of hygiene; to be virtuous, they must know and practice the principles of religion and morality. These must be so engrafted and ingrown as to become a part of the daily life—a part of the very being, of the existence—of a community. So, especially in a republic like ours, where every man has his house, where every parlor has its piano, every church its organ, every city its band; where civilization is spreading rapidly over our boundless prairies and golden sierras, building up, as if by magic, cities in a day and villages in a night; where in the longer settled parts, the log-cabin is being replaced by the stately mansion, the humble meeting-house by the massive stone church with lofty spire and pealing organ, the old stage house by the noisy railroad depot and the city-like hotel, a good art is only possible where there exists a generally diffused and highly cultivated taste.

The graduates of our colleges are to be, more than any other persons, the moulders, the directors, the cultivators of this taste. They are to be our editors—and will praise, condemn, or criticise in the columns of their journals every work of art that appears. They are to be our orators—in the pulpit, in the lecture-room, on the rostrum, at the bar, and in the halls of legislation, having thus

that important branch of the fine arts, eloquence, almost entirely in their hands. As choristers, directors of musical associations, and pastors, they will largely direct the future of our social, secular, and religious music. Rising to prominence in every department of life, they are to act as commissioners or trustees in the erection of buildings for schools, academies, colleges, universities, churches, hospitals for the sick, private or state charitable institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, and insane. On behalf of the commonwealth, they are to be charged with the erection of edifices for the county, state, and nation. They are to decide upon the adorning of these buildings with paintings and statuary, and upon the tasteful laying out of parks and other public grounds. As enterprising and successful men of business, they are to decide upon the architectural style of their own warehouses, stores, factories, hotels, station-houses and other buildings connected with railroads and other corporate bodies. First and foremost in every enterprise, they will especially need all the qualifications for the performance of their various duties. As many of these duties will thus require of them a high esthetic culture this should be secured to them in their college course, for after they enter upon their professional life they do not and they cannot get it.

But we are a very practical people; Europeans call us very material. We will look a moment at the material advantages to be derived from a study of the fine arts. We will, of course, exclude the professional study of art, and speak only of some of the most manifest advantages that persons, other than artists, will derive from having both a knowledge of the general principles of art, and also a moderate skill in the use of the pencil and brush. The surveyor, machinist, landscape-gardener, and mechanic will find the few hours and dollars spent in learning the rudiments of drawing and design to be the cheapest and most profitable investment they can make. To the topographical engineer, the inventor, and the architect, a knowledge of mathematical drafting is of course indispensable. By having a skillful use of the pencil, the man of science can record his discoveries better than any artist to whom he may communicate his ideas. The professor in every branch of science can illustrate his instruction with a few lines on the blackboard better than by a long circumlocution of words. The traveler, with a few strokes of the pencil, can catch the prominent points of a landscape, a building, a statue, or a painting, and thus make his heart beat with joy at the memory of his travels years after his return to his home. The minister of the Gospel, with a knowledge of design, can plan a church far more fitting to its purpose than can the architect by business profession, who is often an unbeliever, and almost always mercantile in his views. Thus did the priests of Egypt. And they developed their system of heathen temple architecture far more perfectly than that of Greece or Rome. So did the priests and monks in the middle ages, and under their hands was developed the Romanesque or early Gothic, the most perfect style of Christian architecture the world has yet seen. It is as appropriate for the minister to design churches for the people to worship in as for him to write hymns for the people to sing, or tunes to sing the hymns by. But, as but few minis-

ters have genius for composing music or poetry, so also but few will develop a talent for architecture.

But there are other considerations, higher, more noble, more inspiring, than any relations of time or of this world, to which all of these are subsidiary and subservient. A peasant selected by his king to serve in the royal palace is little annoyed by the meagre life of his humble cottage, but his heart is full of the dignity of his new office, and he gives himself up to preparation to appear properly before his monarch and to there perform the duties of his office acceptably. Pilgrims to a land

"Whose glories shine, so bright, no mortal eye can bear the sight,"

where we "shall see the king in his beauty," and serve around his throne, the circumstances of our life here below are of small consideration in comparison to the glories we shall see when "mortality puts on immortality," and we shall have entered upon the happiness and the occupations of our eternal existence.

Enoch, Paul, Luther, Wesley, and Edwards entered doubtless immediately upon a higher state of life in heaven than the thief on the cross, or any other person who repented at the eleventh hour. The highly cultivated or deeply learned Christian philosopher or scientist, as Isaac Newton, Thomas Dick, or Bishop Berkeley, will enter upon a higher state of spiritual existence than should they die in infancy, or with dwarfed intellects. So the Christian artist, as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Milton, Handel, or Mozart, is more prepared to appreciate the music of the heavenly hosts, the beauty and the glory of the new Jerusalem, than should he die in infancy, or should his sensibilities be obtuse or uncultivated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MENDELSSOHN'S REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

That those who have the trust of Mendelssohn's unpublished works should at length be inclined to admit, and act upon the admission, that whatever Mendelssohn wrote must be interesting to the followers and admirers of the art of which he was one of the most conspicuous ornaments, is consolatory. Better late than never. Mendelssohn died on the 4th of November, 1847; and during the twenty years that have elapsed it has been repeatedly argued that the manuscripts he left behind should, with explanations as to the dates and other details more or less essential, be given to the world. It was well known that a vast quantity of his unpublished pieces, in almost every form, were in existence; and at a time when the rage for exploring the past—probably in some measure a result of the actual dearth of original productiveness—was at its height, when every scrap that could be rescued of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., was eagerly sought out and made the most of, it appeared to the many who class Mendelssohn among the shining lights of music that a similar enthusiasm in his regard would by no means be misplaced. It is true that Mendelssohn was particular to a fault about over-looking and remodelling his works, and that it was his habit to put aside even those in which he felt a just pride till some opportunity might occur of bestowing upon them the finishing touches. But premature death, in

numberless instances, frustrated his design, and very much remained that, whatever he may have contemplated in the way of reconsideration, was clearly not intended by himself to be cast aside as worthless. His successors, however, were timid, and responded to the universal sympathy of musicians and amateurs by unaccountable procrastination. The task of examining and adjudging as to what should and what should not be printed was confided to four gentlemen, musical professors, with whom Mendelssohn had been on terms of intimacy, but who, taking into account the zeal they bestowed upon their task, can hardly at the present moment feel much gratification in having a wide publicity attached to their names. A few pieces were doled out, with dilatory slowness, as if apprehensions had been entertained as to the advisability of giving even them. Nevertheless, after twenty years, those who, like ourselves, persistently laid claim, on behalf of the world of music, to the whole of the relics without exception, may with reasonable complacency, point to the Italian Symphony, the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *finale* from *Lorelei*, &c., which have attained a popularity equal to that enjoyed by any other of the composer's productions. At the same time it is tolerably certain that Mendelssohn intended to do something more with the symphony, and that he was not quite decided upon publishing the overture. He might even have thought of some alterations in the *finale*; but is that a reason, now that he is gone, that those who survive him should be altogether deprived of such treasures? We think not. The world loves to make acquaintance with the earliest sketches of what a great master and a great genius may subsequently have matured. Nor does this feeling spring in anyway from idle curiosity. The contemplation of such things is not only matter of delight, but brings with it a useful lesson. There is nothing more edifying than to follow the working of exceptional minds, to see how they have modelled and remodelled, what they have set down impromptu, corrected as assiduously, and ultimately left in a state of more or less completeness, in order to hasten to other tasks. Who is not charmed with the study now permitted—thanks to the research of such men as Otto Jahn and Alexander Thayer—of the beginnings alternately adopted and rejected for some of Beethoven's immortal masterpieces? It is, indeed, a satisfaction to be made aware that those wonderful works did not proceed spontaneously from their author's brain, but were the result of long thought and unremitting labor. What is claimed for Mendelssohn is no more than what in the case of his renowned predecessors is without difficulty recognized. He was the greatest musician to whom the nineteenth century has given birth, and on that account alone everything he produced must possess a deep and lasting interest.

After the lapse of years, when all idea of further additions to the small stock of posthumous publications had been laid aside, though the eye of the zealous amateur still dwelt eagerly upon the rich contents of the catalogue of *reliquiae* furnished (however negligently) by Herr Julius Rietz, for the second volume of *Letters*, some new impulse seems to have arisen. Herr Carl Mendelssohn, reported to be engaged on a biography of his illustrious father, is now, we are advised, no less anxious to do justice to his memory in another direction. How far the

persistent efforts of an enterprising musical firm may have helped to promote this welcome turn in affairs we are unable to guess; enough that very recently several pieces, about seeing which in print every hope had been abandoned, have been published, and among others the grand overture in C major ("The Trumpet Overture,") and an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, or "Songs without Words." How the overture has been received at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace it is superfluous to remind our musical readers. Like the overture to *Ruy Blas* it made its mark at once. The new "Songs without Words" were sung by Madame Arabella Goddard with such success at a recent Monday Popular Concert that they are to be played again at the next, as well as at the Crystal Palace Concert to-day. With respect to this particular book of *Lieder* we cannot refrain from adding that on the whole it is superior to the seventh book; and as the choice of numbers for the seventh book was entirely at the discretion of the four gentlemen already referred to, we are at a loss to account for the reasons that guided their decision.

But among all the pieces by Mendelssohn known to exist in manuscript not one was thought of so often and so much, yet not one was withheld so obstinately as the grand symphony in D, composed for the Festival of the Reformation in 1830. For some reason the symphony, notwithstanding Herr Rietz, who gives it as performed "in Berlin and London," has never been performed at all. Mendelssohn speaks of it frequently in his first volume of *Letters*, looking forward with delight to its production at the Paris Conservatoire. In Paris, however, he was doomed to disappointment, as at Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. This time his enemy, and the enemy of the Reformation Symphony, was the cholera, no sooner than recovered from which he left Paris for London. Whatever he may have intended in further consideration of this work it is now difficult, if not impossible to ascertain, but how much interest he felt in it is shown in his own words. And when it is remembered that it was composed after the overture of the *Hebrides*, the *Walpurgis Night* (both subsequently remodelled,) and some of his very best works, it might surely be conjectured that the probability of its comprising too much that is excellent and too much that is individual to be consigned without regret to oblivion was at least very great. Till within a few months, however, and nearly forty years since it was written, there seemed no chance whatever of its coming to light. Nevertheless, the fortunate possessors of the "Trumpet Overture," the new book of *Lieder ohne Worte* (and we trust of other things) unexpectedly announced a short time since that the Reformation Symphony was in their hands, and would be published forthwith. That the spirited gentlemen who control the management of the Crystal Palace Concerts should be earliest in availing themselves of such a new chance of distinction was not surprising. The Reformation Symphony is to be the feature of this day's concert, (November 30th,) and we have only to add that it was rehearsed on Wednesday by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Herr Auguste Manns, leaving the strong impression upon those who had the privilege of hearing it that it is one of the noblest and most aspiring efforts of its